

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Tuesday, September 7. 1708.

Great News from the North, strange and wonderful News from the North, the great Battle between the Swedes and the Muscovites near Mobilow! — And what is the Consequence? Truly, that occasions as great a War of its Kind among the People of Europe, as the real one between the two mighty Originals; and who has got the Victory, is a Thing hard to determine.

Mad Man. Mr. Review, you have a mad Man always near you, you know, and so can never want a Reprover.

Review. What Reproof have you now to give me, pray, I have done nothing yet I hope worth your Bedlamitish Censure?

Mr. No, no, but I am cautioning you a little, lest you prove as mad, as you think

I am; you are going to talk of two great People, and People, who according to my Notion, are as mad as any of the Princes of Europe, fighting mad; and you know how a Friend of yours lately talk'd so impartially on both sides, that neither of them could bear it—and so both resolv'd to fall upon him, and with Memorial upon Memorial they attack him on either side; therefore my Advice may not be amiss to you, however you may despise it.

Rev. Look you, Mr. — for your mad Council I thank you; it is my Opinion, I gave those Potentates no just Cause of Offence then, and I design to give them none now; I will be as careful as I can to speak Truth; if Truth offends Kings, Emperors, or Czars; if Truth brings in Memorials from Em-

Embassadors, and long Letters of Complaints from the Residents of great Powers; if it pinches great Princes abroad, or great Parties at home, it is all one, *I am lifted*, and must on all Occasions speak Truth—and will do it freely; I will neither be frightened off from it, nor bought off from it, and I thank GOD, it is not in the Power of the greatest Person on Earth to bribe or tempt me off from it.

M. You talk like a true mad Man indeed, and take a mad Man's Word for it, you shall anger every Body you speak of *then*; for there is hardly a Man or a Party of Men upon Earth, a Prince, or a Power, but sometime or other PLAIN TRUTH will pinch, anger and disgrace them; and he that binds himself Apprentice to Truth, may serve his Master indeed, but will make no Friends.

Rev. Well, I am at a Point; if I make no Friends, I shall make Enemies, and I shall get as much by Enemies as ever I did by Friends—I equally despise Enemies and Friends when in Competition with Truth, and therefore your Caution is needless, Sir, to a Man resolv'd.

M. Well, stand clear then, *Seyla* or *Charibdis*, I warrant you *split* upon one Shoar or t'other—And so for the King of S now what have you to say of him, what dare you say of him?

Rev. I'll say just what is Truth of him, and just what I think of him, without Value for his Favour, or Fear of his Anger, I hope, I am safe yet.

M. Ay, ay, very safe, go on.

Rev. I'll say something of his Person, something of past, something of present Actions—Of his Person I know little, but by his Actions; and by the Circumstances of his Affairs—I believe him to be a brave, a daring, an enterprizing Prince; of his Religion, I have not heard much good, of his Morals I never heard any ill, he is however a Protestant Prince: And those Gentlemen, that say, if a Religious War were set up in Europe, the Protestant Religion would be ruin'd, would do well to examine, what a Strength England, Holland, and the Protestant Princes of Germany, the Dane, Prussian and Swiss would make, when join'd

with such a Prince as this at the Head of 70000 Swedes, who are without Dispute to be reckon'd among the best Soldiers in the World—Nor has the Zeal of the Swedes, or of the King of S . . . for the Protestant Interest suffer'd any Diminution, but what may be form'd from the Negatives of this War, viz. in his not closing up this Northern War, and setting his Hands to the great Work of Europe's Peace, which however his S . . . Majesty has had great Opportunities to do, I do not say he was oblig'd to.

His concerning himself for the Protestant Interest in Silesia, I have upon all Occasions acknowledg'd as readily as possible, nor do I think, I less in this S . . . Majesty, when I say, that as Guarantee of the Treaty of Westphalia, he had some Obligations on him to undertake that Affair, which join'd to the Opportunity he then had in his Hands, by his being possess'd of the Electorate of Saxony, he could not very honourably have omitted; for I confess, such is the Degeneracy of this Age, that in common Acceptation Princes deserve very great Honour, when they do what really they are oblig'd to do.

As to his Treatment of King of Augustus, my Homage to Truth forbids me making any Panegyricks on the King of S—, I shall enter into nothing about it, but what is Matter of Opinion; and if any Man would ask my Opinion, that had Power to oblige me to answer, *I could not wish any Safety to my Conscience* say, he used him like a Man of Honour—Either as to the forcing him to deliver General Paskal, his exorbitant unlimited Contributions, lifting his Subjects, or staying at Pleasure in his Country; but this is only my Opinion; what says the mad Man—Am I in Bounds or no?

M. Safe enough yet, but walking on the Brink of Things—Have a Care when you come to his obliging King Augustus to see King Stanislaus, to recognize him as King, to write to him and call him Brother; to restore the Ensigns and Standards taken at the Battle of *So.* and pressing the Saxon Horses to carry away the Spoils of their own Country.

Rev. I say nothing at all of these things, or of any thing which by the Treaty between them

them was not capitulated for; for should I speak what I think, perhaps it might not please; and should I go about to justify, I must speak against my own Judgment, which no Man in the World, no not the King of shall ever oblige me to do.

But we are now come to the new Trophies of this Glorious Monarch, and here we have really just Reason to speak to his Praise, and I can with much Freedom panegyrick him *in my way up to the Moon* in this Matter.

Having thus entirely reduced Poland to the Obedience of King Stanislaus; perfected the Conquest of all the Malecontent Confederacies, Crown Armies, &c. by Force of Arms, having beaten the Muscovites out of Livonia, and the Baltick, and secured his own Subjects most entirely from the Eruptions of those wild barbarous People—Having acted thus, I say, *like a Prince that knows and pursues with the nicest Honour the Defence of his own Subjects*; he is now pushing his Conquests into the Hereditary Countries of his Enemy, resolved, *as our publick Writers say*, to pursue him into his Capital, and rejecting all Offers of Peace, to depose him, or bring him on his Knees—This I say is reported, I do not say it is actually his Design, *I hope I am right yet.*

M. Indifferent well, saving your double Entendre.

Rev. I know nothing of double Entendres, let them that read with double Entendres answer for that—No question but he has secur'd Poland, and his Country, or thinks he has, before he undertook this great Expedition, or that his Majesty thinks this the readiest Way to do it.

M. Well come off, indeed—pray go on.

Rev. In this stupendious March into Muscovy, his Majesty has spent (if my Account is right) near two Years already, and is now but just gotten to the Frontiers; like a wise General he has waited for Seasons, laid up Magazines, and amassed Provisions, and the Enemy, *tho' still flying before him*, avoiding a Battle, entrenching, retreating, and by Parties cutting off his Men, and his Provisions have retarded him very much: But at last he has met with them—and, *as our publick Papers say*, I do not tell you I say

so, *an Express from his Swedish Majesty to his Envoy at Berlin brings Word*—he has attack'd the Muscovites in their Entrenchments, routed their Army consisting of 30000 Men, kill'd 12 to 15000 on the Spot, taken a World of Prisoners, and all their Cannon and Baggage—In short a compleat Victory.

M. Ware lame Post! Pray is this the Swedish or the Muscovite Account?

Rev. Don't tell me of Swedish or Muscovite, this is the Account that our News-writers give, *Post-Boys, Flying-Posts, Courants, &c.* all agree in it, that it was a total Defeat, and the Muscovites must certainly be ruin'd; it was a glorious Victory, and gain'd after a very obstinate Fight of the Muscovites, and the Loss, *as some of the Accounts say*, of 5000 of the Swedes, and the Ruin of the best Regiment in his Army containing 3000 Men—And is not this a glorious Monarch now, that is in a fair Way to conquer a whole Empire at once, and an Empire too of the greatest Extent of most in the World, great, populous and rich? I think, it must necessarily oblige us all to acknowledge the Greatness of his S. . . . Majesty, the mighty Genius, the Greatness of his enterprising Thoughts, and the Activity of his Soul as well as Body, to attack an Empire as big in it self as almost all the rest of Europe, and a People that are so numerous, they can be every Day supply'd by thousands and hundreds of thousands without Number.

M. Well, now you have done I suppose; now will you give a Body leave to tell you, what we in Bedlam say of this great Affair, and of this remote War?

Rev. No doubt but your Opinions are like your selves; but let us hear them.

M. Why, first we say, we do not like this Enterprize of the King of S. . . . at all; we have all of us, US LVNATICKS I mean, a mighty Value for the great Hero we are talking of; we always applauded his Actions, *some of us indeed did it right or wrong*, and would bear nothing to be said against him; let him have turn'd which way he would, we would have thought him a Saint, nay, if he had join'd to reinstate the Duke of Bavaria, so it had been but to pull down the Emperor, they would

would have pray'd for him—*Tho' we were not all so mad as that came to neither.*—However we have, I say, a general Veneration for him, and we both think and hope, he will one time or other be a glorious Asserter of the Protestant Religion—And for this Reason among others, we do not like this Enterprize of his, at all.

Rev. This is a new Subject indeed, *why not like it?* Can you be Friends to his Person, and not Friends to his Glory? Can you have such a Kindness for the Hero, and not rejoice in the Glory of his Conquests?

M. Why I tell you, why we do not like it.—We say (1.) he is spending a great Deal of Blood and Treasure to teach a barbarous Nation, *by beating them*, how to beat him, and in Time perhaps a great Part of Europe. (2.) We say he is pushing at a Conquest, which if it were made, he could not keep, and if he could keep it, speaking as K... of S...., it would not be worth his while, nay, some say it would ruin him—To speak to the last first—They say, that, *supposing it to be kept by Force*, the Country is of so large an Extent, so poor, and so remote in its Parts, that it could not support the Charge of the Armies, Garrisons, Fortifications, &c. which would be wanting to keep it—And the distant Countries in which the Czar would find his Retreat, would be so many and so strong, that without maintaining numerous Armies he could never keep Possession; suppose he had the Possession of the Capital City it self—if then, he could not maintain his Armies in the Country, he must maintain them from his own Country; and whether that would in time ruin and exhaust his own Country or not, I leave to any Man in *Bedlam*, or *out of it either*, to determine.

Rev. I do not think, his S... Majesty designs to keep it when he has conquer'd it.

M. Nor I do not think he will ever get it.

Rev. Why not get it, now he has overthrown their Army? I hope you believe that, do you not?

M. Not one Word of it, I assure you; nor do I believe, any Body else believes it neither.

Rev. What do you believe about it, pray?

M. I believe there has been a Fight, and that the *Muscovites* have shown him some Difference between their Armies at *Mobilow*, and their Armies at *Narva*, and that by being beaten, they have learned to fight, and perhaps by that time they are beaten a little oftner, they may turn the Tables, and give the *Swedes* a *Rowland* for their *Oliver*.

Rev. But you believe the *Muscovites* lost the Field, do you not, and quitted their Post?

M. Yes, yes, after such a manner, that should they quit their Empire at the same Price, there would be but few *Swedes* left to boast of the Conquest—But of this in our next.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

These are to give Notice,

THAT *MARY KIRLEUS*, the Widow of *JOHN KIRLEUS*, Son of Dr. *THO. KIRLEUS*, a Sworn-Physician, in Ordinary to King *Charles II.* Sells (rightly prepar'd) his Famous Drink and Pills; experienc'd above 50 Years (by an uncommon Method) to cure all Ulcers, sores, Scabs, Itch, Scurf, Scurvies, Leprosies, Running of the Reins, and the most inveterate *VENEREAL* Disease, with all its attending Symptoms, without Fluxing, Confinement, or destructive *Mercurial* Preparations: These incomparable Medicines need no Words to express their Virtues; the many miserable Ones that have been happily cured, after given over by others, sufficiently recommend them as the most Sovereign Remedy in the World against all such Malignities: She cures many after Fluxing, and in Compassion to the Distressed, will deal according to the Patient's Ability. The Drink is 3 s. the Quart, the Pill 1 s. the Box with Directions, and Advice *Gratis*. NOTE, The Patient may be effectually cur'd by sending his Grief in Writing.

††† She lives at the Golden-Ball in Hand-Court, over against great Turnstile in Holborn.